

JUMBO COMICS



No. 85
MAR.
10¢

SHEENA,
Jungle Queen, in
"RED TUSKS OF
ZULU-ZA'N"
also a new
GHOST GALLERY
thriller....

OF THE COMICS!

LIKE A ONE-A-WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DYNAMIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25¢

ON SALE-25¢



ON SALE-10¢

ON SALE-10¢



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APRIL 1954 ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MARCH 1st.

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

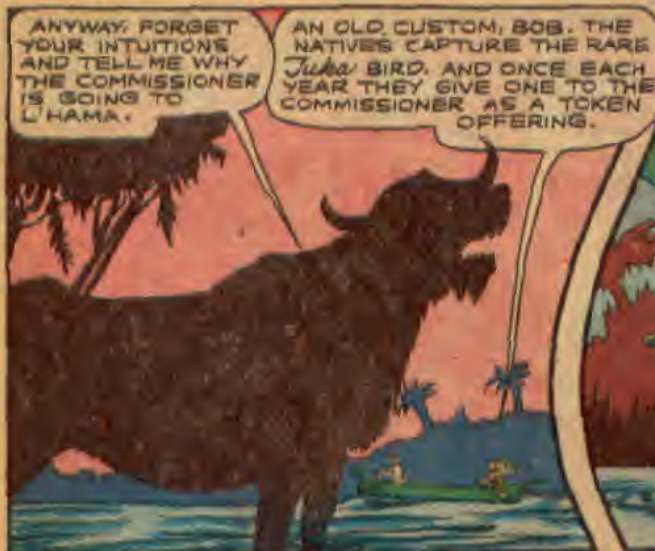
BY
W. MORGAN THOMAS

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER
BOOMED THE GHOST VOICE.
"PAY YOUR TRIBUTE TO THE
SKY-BIRDS! LET THE MESSENGER
BE YOUR QUEEN."
BUT IT WAS SHEENA WHO
MET THE FLAME-CREATURES
IN A RENDEZVOUS WITH
DEATH!

FASTER, BOB. WE HEAR
THE COMMISSIONER'S
BOAT TO TAKE US TO
THE L'HAMA LAKE
VILLAGE... AND
I FEEL...

I KNOW, SHEENA, DON'T
TELL ME. YOU HAVE
ONE OF YOUR INFER-
NAL HUNCHES THAT
TROUBLE'S BREWING...
BUT YOU'RE WRONG!





ANYWAY, FORGET YOUR INTUITIONS AND TELL ME WHY THE COMMISSIONER IS GOING TO L'HAMA.

AN OLD CUSTOM, BOB. THE NATIVES CAPTURE THE RARE *Juka* BIRD. AND ONCE EACH YEAR THEY GIVE ONE TO THE COMMISSIONER AS A TOKEN OFFERING.

WHILE AHEAD...

ALMOST TIME FOR SHEENA TO MEET ME AND I CAN'T SAY I'M NOT GLAD. THERE'S STILL SOMETHING ABOUT THIS JUNGLE INTERIOR THAT SETS MY NERVES ON EDGE.



AND, HIDDEN ASHORE...

THAT'S HIM, BILL, THE COMMISSIONER... LET HIM HAVE IT... AN! DON'T MISS!

CUT THE ADVICE, BLACKIE, I KNOW MY WAY AROUND WITH A RIFLE.



SUDDENLY...

AIEE! BOOM! STICK HIT BOSS MAN!



NICKED ME BADLY... BUT MAYBE I CAN TAG THEM!



SUDDENLY...

BOOMSTICK FIRE! WHAT...

QUICK SHEENA! TWO MEN ON SHORE TRYING TO KILL THE COMMISSIONER!



BLAZES!
THAT SPEAR
WAS TOO
CLOSE FOR
COMFORT!

C'MON, WE GOTTA
GET OUTA HERE.
WE SURELY GOT
THE COMMISSIONER.
NEXT STOP IS
L'HAMA LAKE
VILLAGE!

MINUTES LATER...
YOU ALWAYS SHOW
UP AT THE RIGHT
TIME.
SHEENA.
I'D SURE
LIKE TO KNOW
WHO TRIED TO
KILL ME...
AND WHY.

THIS BUSINESS HAS
PUT A DAMPER ON
THINGS. HOW ABOUT
YOU, SHEENA, AND
BOB GOING TO THE
VILLAGE AS MY
REPRESENTATIVES?

IT WOULD
BE OUR
PLEASURE,
COMMISSION-
ER.



MUCH LATER...

WELL, FELLOW, HERE IT IS,
L'HAMA LAKE VILLAGE!
THESE NATIVES'LL BE A
PUSHOVER WITH OUR
IDEA AND WE'LL
BE RICH!

YEAH?
SEEN' IS
BELIEVIN',
MC SHANE!



WELCOME
TO L'HAMA
LAKE
VILLAGE!

HAIL, CHIEF!
I'M THE NEW
COMMISSIONER.
I'VE COME TO
RECEIVE YOUR
GIFT, BUT FIRST
WE'D LIKE TO
SEE YOUR PEOPLE
GATHER THE
VALUABLE BIRDS!



SO BE IT. THIS DIVER
WEARS THING WITH
CONNECTING REEDS
SO HE CAN BREATHE
UNDER WATER!
GOOD DIVER
ALWAYS
MAKE GOOD
CATCH!



SEE, COMMISSIONER?
UNWARY BIRD DOES
NOT KNOW MEN ARE
UNDER REEDS. MUST
BE VERY QUIET!
NOW, WATCH!







HOLD FIRE, BOB!
LET SHEENA'S
SPEAR FIND ITS
MARK!



AIEE! THE MONSTER BIRD WINGS AWAY
FROM L'HAMA. DID THE SPEAR OF THE
GOLDEN QUEEN WING TRUE?

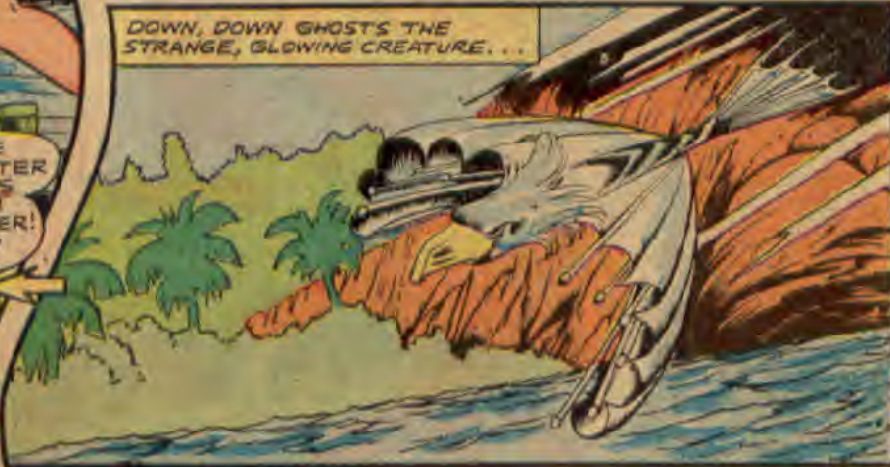


THEN... MAYOMBA! LOOK, AN-
OTHER MONSTER
COMES OUT OF THE
MOUNTAIN OF DARKNESS!



THE
MONSTER
RISES
FROM
THE WATER!
BACK!

DOWN, DOWN GHOSTS THE
STRANGE, GLOWING CREATURE...



BUT TOO LATE! THE BIRD CRASHES
AND INSTANTLY BECOMES A RAGING
INFERNO!



HURRY! GET WATER!
PUT OUT THE FIRE
BEFORE IT BURNS DOWN
YOUR VILLAGE!





MAY THE GODS OF THE LAKE
L'HAMA BE WITH YOU. PERFORM
YOUR MISSION WELL AND
RETURN SOON WITH PEACE
FOR YOUR HUMBLE PEOPLE.

I MUST RETURN
WITH PEACE AND
BOB!



WHILE...

I FOUND THE MATE OF SHEENA
PROWLING AROUND! HE'S STILL ALIVE...
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

SIMPLE! LET HIM DELIVER
THE BIRD-BOMB
PERSONALLY!



MINUTES LATER,
AS BOB AWAKENS...

WHAT TH'... STRAPPED
TO THE BOMB!

BE READY
TO FIRE!



SUDDENLY...

HERE COMES THE
VILLAGE QUEEN
WITH THE LOOT!

COME! WE'LL
MEET HER ON
THE SHORE!



ALL OUR SACRED DIVING
EQUIPMENT IS THERE!

BEFORE I ACT, I MUST FIND
OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB!

I'LL GET THIS STUFF
IN THE PLANE. YOU
RELEASE THE
BIRD-BOMB AND
THEN WE'LL
SCRAM.



GO UP, HAGGARD, AND
CUT THE THING LOOSE.
TOO BAD SHEENA ISN'T
HERE TO SEE HER
WEAKLING MATE
DIE!

BOB! TRAPPED LIKE
A BEAST! MUST
MOVE SWIFTLY!

SORRY,
SISTER,
BUT I
GOTTA
PLUG YOU!





SUDDENLY...

SHEENA HAS NO STOMACH FOR LEAD!

WHAT!! HER CLOAK, CAN'T SEE!



BLAST HER! I'LL FIX 'EM BOTH... CUT THE ROPE OF THE BIRD-BOMB!

BOB... BOB! SHEENA COMES TO SAVE YOU!

THERE, YOU'RE FREE!

THINK YOU TRICKED ME, EH? LET'S SEE YOU GET AWAY THIS TIME!



HE CUT THE ROPE, BUT MY BLADE FAILS ME NOT!

WATCH OUT! HIS PARTNER'S AIMING AT YOU!

BUT, TRAPPED ON THE RUNWAY, AS THE BIRD THUNDERS DOWN...

NO! STOP IT! HOLD IT BACK!



SUDDENLY...

SO! EVIL THEY BROUGHT THE L'HAMAS, AND BY THEIR OWN EVIL SO DO THEY DIE!

RIGHT! I GUESS THERE'S JUSTICE IN THE JUNGLE AFTER ALL!

LATER...

YOU HAVE DONE THE L'HAMA VILLAGERS A GREAT KINDNESS, SHEENA. THE GODS WILL BLESS YOU!

YOU ARE WORTHY. NOW BOB AND I MUST RETURN TO OUR HOME.



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN, IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

ZX-5 SPIES in ACTION

BY MAJOR THORPE

WHO IS THE STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS GIRL WHO DISAPPEARS EVERY DAY WITH THE TURKISH MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA? WHAT DANGER LURKS BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS... WHAT HORROR IS SOON TO STRIKE? HIDDEN WELL WERE THE ANSWERS... BUT ZX-5 PICKED UP A TANGLED THREAD, TRACED IT TO ISTANBUL, AND EVEN NOW...



JUST AS WE THOUGHT, AHMED, THAT'S FRAULEIN ZAHHN, BRINGING THE MINISTER TO THE SANITORIUM. IF WE COULD ONLY KNOW WHAT SHE'S SAYING.

BUT WE CAN, ZX! HAVE I NOT LEARNED THE ART OF LIP READING?

PATIENCE, HASSAN. FOR TODAY'S TREATMENT IS THE IMPORTANT ONE... TOMORROW YOU WILL BE A NEW MAN!

TREATMENT? NEW MAN? I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT GIVES, AHMED. START YOUR LADS ROLLING!

AYE, ZX, AHMED CALLING TRAKAN. LET THE TRUCK PROCEED AS PLANNED!



MINUTES LATER, AT THE SANITORIUM GATE...

AH, OTTO, IS NOT FRAULEIN ZAEHN THE CLEVER ONE? JA, HASSAN IS BUT A CHILD IN HER HANDS! SOON THERE WILL RISE A...

A TRUCK CRASHING OUR GATES... SOUND THE ALARM!

CALLING ALL GUARDS TO MAIN GATE! UNIDENTIFIED TRUCK HAS CRASHED THROUGH... TAKE ALL PERSONS PRISONERS!



WHILE... AHMED DID HIS WORK WELL... DREW THE GUARDS AWAY! NOW TO HOOK THAT TREE!



CLEARED THE WIRES WITH NARY A HITCH... BUT IT'S OUT OF THE FRYING PAN... INTO THE FIRE... HERE COMES DOUBLE TROUBLE!



HMM... CERTAIN I SAW A MAN COME OVER THE WALL. IF WE FAIL TO FIND HIM, ZINZER WILL MAKE US PAY WITH OUR NECKS!

THIS WAY, OTTO! I THINK THERE IS SOMEONE IN THAT CLUMP OF SHRUBS!



COULDN'T BE! LET'S STICK NEAR THE WALL! COME!

MY LUCKY DAY! NOW IF I CAN JUST MAKE THAT CELLAR DOOR!









NEARBY... ALL IS READY. NOW WHERE IS DR. HEINDORF? HOW CAN I OPERATE THIS MACHINE AND CHECK THE MINISTER ALL AT ONCE?



SO THERE YOU ARE! WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME! HE IS ALREADY ASLEEP. YOU OPERATE THE CONTROLS WHILE I TEST HIS REACTION, PULSE AND RESPIRATION!

SO FAR, SO GOOD... BUT IT'S PRETTY THIN ICE!

I WAS DELAYED BY THE SEARCH, DOKTOR ZINZER!



NOW, MY GOOD DOKTOR HEINDORF, OUR EFFORTS SHALL BE REWARDED. THE RAY WORKS! LOOK, HIS LIPS FORM WORDS!

THE... GERMAN... PEOPLE... ARE... TURKEY'S... GREATEST... FRIENDS... UNITE... AGAINST... THE... KREMLIN... TERROR!!

EXCELLENT! IT'S ALL WE HOPED FOR. WE NOW CONTROL HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND AND HE WILL DESIGN ALL HIS PROPAGANDA TO SUIT OUR NEEDS!



BUT, DOKTOR HEINDORF, HE IS ONLY THE FIRST. THERE'LL BE MORE MACHINES AND MORE GREAT MINDS BROUGHT UNDER OUR CONTROL! SOON THE WORLD WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH GERMANY AND WE WILL RISE A NEW AND INDESTRUCTIBLE FOURTH REICH!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BURSTING IN HERE LIKE THIS?

THAT'S NOT HEINDORF WITH YOU, DOKTOR! IT'S ZX-S, THE AMERICAN SPY! HE OVERWHELMED HEINDORF! SEIZE HIM, GUARDS!





Stuart TAYLOR

in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS

MRS. VAN VANSELAER'S IMPORTED ENGLISH CASTLE SURE IS IMPRESSIVE, EH, STUART?

NUTS! JUST ANCESTOR WORSHIP! PROBABLY SHE CAME FROM A LONG LINE O' HORSE THIEVES, SAME AS EVERYBODY ELSE!

WHY, STU!! YOU'RE SKETCHING A MONKEY ON THE VAN VAN FAMILY TREE TAPESTRY!!

HO! HO!

ISN'T IT THE SPITTIN' IMAGE O' THE OLD BATTLE-AX HERSELF!?

WELL!

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE? THEN FOLLOW STUART. GO DIG UP YOUR FAMILY TREE AND MEET YOUR FOLKS!

HOW UTTERLY RUDE!! THEY JUST DISAPPEARED!!

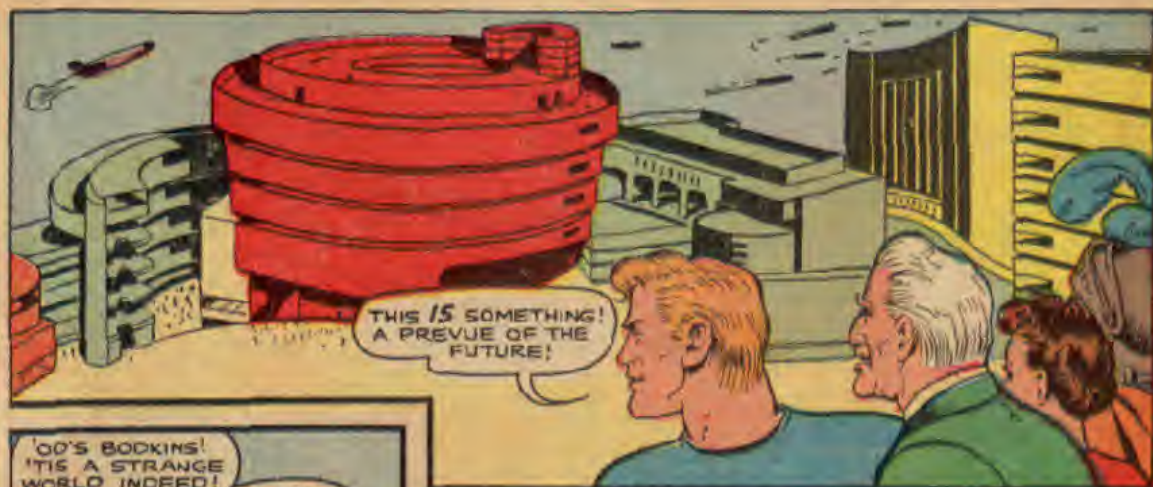
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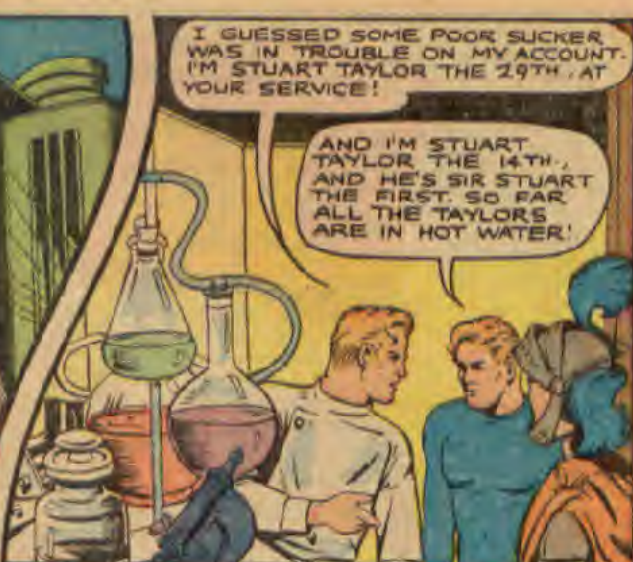






FLEEING PURSUIT THEY BECOME LOST IN A DEAD-END MAZE...

HSST!
IN HERE!



I GUESSED SOME POOR SUCKER WAS IN TROUBLE ON MY ACCOUNT. I'M STUART TAYLOR THE 29TH, AT YOUR SERVICE!

AND I'M STUART TAYLOR THE 14TH, AND HE'S SIR STUART THE FIRST, SO FAR ALL THE TAYLORS ARE IN HOT WATER!



HO! ALCHEMY!! I'LL MIX A BREW!

I'M EXPERIMENTING ON A SUPER-EXPLOSIVE BASED ON AN ANCIENT ATOMIC THEORY...

ANCIENT?? IT HAPPENED ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO!



HEY!! SIR STUART FOUND IT BY CHANCE! I CAN TELL BY THE SMELL...

A SECOND LATER...



HEY! STUART 29! YOU STAY HERE!

WHAT HAPPENED, STU?

DUNNO! I GUESS IT'LL TAKE 500 YEARS TO FIND OUT!



S'LONG, DOC! SEE YOU AFTER YOU DROP SIR STUART HOME!... I'D JUST AS SOON FORGET MY FAMILY TREE... CAN'T PICK YOUR RELATIVES, Y' KNOW... SEND 'EM ALL BACK TO THE MONKEYS!

Stuart Taylor IS A REGULAR FEATURE IN **JUMBO**

LORE OF THE JUNGLE GIANTS

By NORMAN LESLIE...

ARE GORILLAS WOMAN STEALERS?

"NO," SAY THE OWL-EYED SCIENTISTS. "SUCH TALES ARE LEGENDS — UNFOUNDED."

"YES," SAY THE SUN-BRONZED JUNGLE TRADERS, AND SKEAK IN AWED VOICES OF THE CAPTURE OF MARIE TOLAIN BY A CONGO APE-TRIBE...



DO GORILLAS HAVE A KING?



DO GORILLAS HAVE HOMES?

NO.. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY ON THE MOVE AND BUILD A NEW NEST EACH NIGHT.

YES, AND HE MUST BE EVER PREPARED TO DEFEND HIS KINGSHIP WITH PAW AND FANG...



SKY GIRL

BY
BILL GIBSON

SEE THE PRETTY DRAGON? IT
WANTS SOME OF WHAT GINGER
MAGUIRE'S DRINKING... WANTS IT
BADLY... IF YOU'LL READ
THIS STORY, YOU'LL SEE WHY!

GINGER, STATIONED IN TOKYO,
ENTERS THE R.X. . . .

FRANKIE, GOT ANY
POGEY BAIT? SAY,
WHAT'S THIS?

SAKE..



YEAH, THEY SPELL IT 'SAKE' AND PRO-
NOUNCE IT 'SOCKY'... DON'T DRINK IT
OR YOU'LL
FIND OUT
WHY!

IT'S THE JAPS' OWN
SECRET WEAPON...
PUT IT DOWN
BEFORE IT
GOES OFF!

AW, YOU'RE
TEASING
ME!



OKAY... DRINK IT THEN...
BUT DON'T BLAME ME FOR
WHAT HAPPENS!

M'LUG.









HALP!
JAPS!

BETTER GO STRAIGHT TO
HEADQUARTERS... GIVE THE
ALARM... WHERE IS EVERY-
BODY... AND WHAT'S THAT
SHADOW?



A DR-DRAGON!
HALP!



JAPS... JAPS... JAPS... JAPS...
JAPS... JAPS... JAPS!

QUIET! YA
NUTS?



SIR, THERE'S A CASE OUT
HERE NAMED MAGUIRE WANTS
TA SEE YA... SEZ SHE'S
FOUND A JAP PLOT...

OOOH... GONNA
SEE THE C.O.!



GOTTA FIX MY
E-E-E... OH, MY
GOSH! OH, NO, IT
CAN'T BE!



I'M A
JAP!







SKY GIRL APPEARS IN EVERY
JUMBO Comics!

GOLD IS FOR FOOLS

BY TOM ALEXANDER

IT was little Chim, the chimpanzee, who awakened Sheena and Bob.

He came swinging excitedly into the tree hut, chattering wildly, and pressed his soft muzzle against Sheena's cheek. And Sheena knew, instantly, that there was trouble in the jungle.

Likely she came to her feet, her golden skin reflecting the darts of early morning sunlight filtering through the roof of palm leaves. Outside the air was limpid and pure and, from nearby, came the liquid splashing of a little waterfall.

"Hi-ye," she cried to the sleeping Bob. "Awaken, lazy one. The sun is high and Chim brings news of disaster." Bob stirred sleepily, then sprang to his feet as Sheena emptied the contents of a gourd over him.

"Sheena . . . why . . . Oof, I'm wet clear through! Now what's up?"

But Sheena had gone, swinging by a vine across the little pool which lay below the tree hut, and coming to rest in the very top of a huge tree. For a moment she shaded her eyes and peered out over the great spreading mass of the jungle, then she turned and beckoned to Bob.

"Hurry, Bob. Chim was right. There is trouble to the north, where lies the village of the Umbonee!"

"Chi-chi-chi . . ." It was Chim, asking for a ride across the pool. Bob lifted the little chimpanzee to his shoulder and, when Sheena sent the vine swinging back to him, he gave a mighty push and leaped into the air. Like a human pendulum he arced across the sky and came to rest in the tree beside Sheena. Never would he be able to travel through the trees with the speed of Sheena, but Bob had learned much since he had become a jungle denizen.

Now, looking to the north, he saw that it was as Sheena had said. Great gusts of smoke had climbed into the sky and were spreading, while below the smoke he could see a moving red thing that could only be flames.

"The village," Bob gasped. "It's the Umbonee village going up in flames. But . . ."

He looked at Sheena then and paused. She was rigid and in her eyes was a flame that rivaled that on the horizon.

"The Tauoreg," she said, and her voice was cold with rage. "The Forgotten of God have raided again. They enslave my people and drive them away to die in chains!"

Bob said nothing. It was so. The authorities had tried in vain to halt the depredations of the fierce Arab tribe called the Tauoreg—the Forgotten of God. Not even Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, had been able to keep them away for long. They feared Sheena, but nevertheless they made lightning raids, burning villages and driving away great numbers of her people to be sold into slavery in far lands. Bob wondered, now, what Sheena would do.

"Come," said Sheena. "It is no time for dawdling. I must teach these thieves of my people that such things cannot be—not while Sheena is alive, and Queen!"

Back in the tree hut Bob followed Sheena's instructions. He packed dried bubba berries and maize in palm-leaf containers that could be strapped to their backs. Chim was sent to fill the coconut canteens at the little stream of pure water. All these preparations, Bob knew, pointed to a long trek.

"What is your plan, Sheena?" he asked as they stood ready to depart.

Sheena smiled. "It is only a little plan, not yet fully grown. I shall not tell you until it becomes so. . . . I say only this: You must hasten by the river to where the Tauoreg must cross. The way is short and you will arrive before them. Little Chim and I will be always within sound of your voice. When I desire it I will send Chim with the rest of the plan. Now, Bob, good-bye. I send my strength with you—that you return safely."

Several hours later, as his crude dugout canoe approached the ford where the Tauoreg must cross with their prisoners, Bob was still puzzled. What did Sheena intend to do? Whatever it was, it was evident that she needed time. That was why he had been sent to this place—to delay the Arabs. Sheena had said, and this it was that most puzzled Bob, that he was to talk to the Tauoreg chieftains—that he was to promise them gold if they would follow them to the Place of the Stones! And that place was but a barren gully, choked with boulders which had baked in the tropical sun for centuries. There was no gold there, Bob sighed. He had heard of the tortures of the Arabs—and when they found no gold! But then Sheena would be nearby.

Hardly had the prow of his canoe grated on the shore than Bob heard the sound. Like the wailing of a thousand lost souls. And, as an overtone, came the jingling of chains. A moment later the sorrowful cavalcade

came into sight, writhing like a dusty, despairing worm along the narrow trail. Fierce, bearded men, mounted on beautiful swift horses, hemmed in the column on all sides. Occasionally a whip would rise and fall and a cry of pain pierced the jungle fastness.

Bob leaped from his canoe and held one arm aloft.

"Hold," he cried. "I want to talk to your chief."

To his surprise two men rode out of the column and bore down upon him, riding in reckless fashion. Both carried swords in their hands. Bob felt for the butt of his revolver, and the cold steel was reassuring. He wondered if Sheena was in the trees nearby.

The two men reined in at the last moment. Another second and Bob would have been crushed beneath the hooves.

"I am chief here," cried one of the men, a tall, dirty looking rufian whose clothes were stained with dirt and the remains of many meals.

"You lie in your beard, Ali Ben," cried the other man. "I alone am chief! And I alone will talk to this infidel who dares to delay us."

Good, thought Bob. They fight among themselves. It will make Sheena's task easier. Then he had no more time for thought, but addressed himself to the task of lying skillfully and mightily, as Sheena had instructed him. He hated lying, but there was no other course.

"I desire to travel with you," he said. "I am a prospector and I have found gold nearby—in the Place of the Stones. I must go to the authorities and register my claim."

Cupidity grew in the eyes of the man called Ali Ben. "Gold!" he boomed. "Take us to this gold, that we may see for ourselves. Then we will see whether or not you travel with us."

There was a slither of steel on steel and Bob saw that the other mounted man had half drawn the sword which he had only just sheathed. He spoke angrily. "If there is gold, I will be the one to see it first, Ali Ben. You forget again who is chief here."

"Not you," snarled Ali Ben. "I have sworn on the Prophet's Beard that I will have your heart out. But not at the moment. First let us see some of this gold." He swung his sword menacingly in the air. "You have some of the yellow metal with you?"

"Why, I . . ." began Bob, then stopped. What was that small figure racing toward him from the trees? Chim! With all watching the small chimpanzee came scampering across the earth to Bob. "Chi-chi-chi . . ." he cried as he leaped into Bob's welcoming arms.

Bob's heart sang within him. Sheena was near. Then he felt something strange and, looking down, saw a leather sack about Chim's neck. A moment later he poured a handful of rocks into his hands. Rocks—and in them, sparkling in the sun, little points of shiny metal. Bob looked at the two Arabs. Did they know what the stuff was?

Ali Ben grabbed the leather sack from Bob. He took one look and then spoke to a retainer. "It is gold! Bind this man and he will take us to the place whence this came—or he will be left for the ants to eat, after his face has been smeared with honey."

Hours later they came to the Place of the Stones, a place of forbidding aspect where giant boulders dotted the ground and dark, cranny caves reached into the bowels of the earth. Now, thought Bob, they will surely torture me, for there is no gold here.

A shout went up from the Arabs. Both Ali Ben and the other claimant to the chieftainship spurred their horses and went forward at a gallop.

"Gold!" shouted one Arab. "Gold . . . tons of gold . . . it lies scattered about the ground like sand, Gold for all!"

Ali Ben slashed the man with his sword, then swung from his horse and began clawing at the ground. "It is mine," he screamed. "Let it alone. It is all mine!" Too late he saw the horse of his opponent rearing over him. A sword drove down and entered his throat. "Die, Ali Ben," cried the other man. "Die and leave the gold to me." Then he too was on his hands and knees, shoveling the precious nuggets into his pockets. Everywhere the Arabs were fighting and tearing at each other, trying to get their fill of the precious stuff.

In the midst of all this Bob looked up to see Sheena—high on a ledge overhead. Litely, leaping from rock to rock, she came down into the gully.

"Strike!" she cried. "Strike; my people. Kill those who enslaved you."

Using their chained hands as weapons, the Umbonee fell upon their captors. It was bloody justice, wreaked in an incredibly short time.

Once more at the river, Bob and Sheena, with Chim chittering in the bow, paddled slowly homeward.

"Lucky for us," said Bob, "that the Tauoreg didn't know real gold from mica, though it does sparkle like gold. It sure fooled them."

"Yes," said Sheena. "Your people call it fool's gold. And it is—for they are fools who put gold before human beings. It is not so in the jungle."

The Hawk

BY WILLIS
RENSIE

HIS BLADE, AS KEEN AS
THE TENSE AIR ABOUT
HIM... HIS HAND WILL TO
IED BY AN IRON DANCE
WIN... HIS BOOTS' JIS AS HE
A LUBBER'S JIS AS HE
BARRIES ACROSS THE WET
DECK... HE'S A FIGHTING
SON OF THE SEA... HE'S
CAPTAIN HAWK AND HE'S
FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE... IN
HIS CREW... SWASHBUCKLING
A TINGLING ADVENTURE!



HARK TO MY WORDS,
CAPT'N. EVEN IF LADY
EDITH IS THE WEALTHI-
EST WOMAN IN PORT,
SHE'S OUT OF YOUR
CLASS... SHE'S A
LADY, AN'...

HE TALKS TOO
MUCH, DOESN'T
HE, MY PRETTY?

OH,
SIR!

AS A LADY, MY DEAR MATE, LADY
EDITH IS SUPERB, AS A MERCHANT
SHE IS A THIEF... BREAKS EVERY
REGULATION IN THE BOOK OF
SHIPPING RIGHTS... THEY'LL
CATCH UP WITH HER, TOO... THAT'S
WHY SHE NEEDS THE ADVICE OF
CAPTAIN NIMBLE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE DASHING CAPTAIN HAS ARRIVED AT HIS DESTINATION...



CAPTAIN NIMBLE!

GREETINGS LADY EDITH, YOUR CHARM AND BEAUTY LURED ME FROM THE SEA. I AM YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, MILADY!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I NEED PROTECTION?

I HAVE JUST COME FROM CASALANA. A CERTAIN MERCHANT THERE WISHES YOU DISASTER, AND THE GOVERNMENT AGREES WITH HIM. THEY EMPLOYED CAPTAIN HAWK TO PATROL THE LANES YOU USE!

BLAST THE GOVERNMENT, AND CASALANA... AND THE HAWK!

THAT, MADAME, IS PRECISELY WHAT I WILL DO, FOR A SUM!



IT MUST BE A BIG CATCH THAT BRINGS YOU ASHORE, CAPTAIN!

I COME AS A PROTECTOR TO A FRIEND, NOT AS A FISHERMAN, MADAME.

YOU MEAN, NO ONE WOULD EVER CONNECT OUR NAMES, WOULD THEY? WHAT IS YOUR SUM?

A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOUBLOONS IN ADVANCE



FOR THIS PRICE, CASALANA SHOULD BE BURNED TO THE GROUND AND I SHOULD GET THE HAWK'S HEAD ON A PLATTER!

CASALANA SHALL MEET WITH YOUR SUGGESTION... AS FOR THE HAWK'S HEAD, TOO UNPLEASANT, BUT I PROMISE YOU HIS BOOTS, INSTEAD!



COME, WE HAVE A JOB TO DO!

WE'D BETTER GET TO IT THEN, CAPTAIN NIMBLE. THERE'S A BLOW COMIN' - LOOK AT THAT SKY!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, CAPTAIN NIMBLE PULLS INTO THE TEETH OF A GALE, LEAVING BEHIND HIM THE FLAMING PORT OF CASALANA.

WE WERE LUCKY THE STORM GAVE US THE EXCUSE TO LAY UP AT CASALANA. NO DOUBT THEY'LL THINK THE LIGHTNING STARTED THE FIRE, CAPTAIN.

ALWAYS KEEP YOUR PROMISE TO A LADY, MATE. BRINGS YOU LUCK.

BEGGIN' YOUR GRACE, CAPT'N, ME THROAT IS CURLIN' UP FROM THE RAIN BLOWIN' SALT AGAIN! IT, COULD I HAVE ME WATER RATION, SIR?

WE'VE GOT TO RENEW THAT SUPPLY, SIR. IF THE MEN KNEW HOW LOW WE BE, THEY'D MUTINY FAST!

AYE, SIR! HO, HO! WOULDN'T IT BE SPORT IF THE FIRST WAS THE LADY SCARLETT?

STAND BY AND THE MATE WILL SERVE YE. ONE OUNCE..NO MORE...

I KNOW..HOIST THE JOLLY ROGER..WE'LL GET WATER..FROM THE FIRST SAIL WE SPY!

BAH! YOUR HUMOR SMELLS LIKE FISH IN THE SUN. GET TO WORK!

MEANWHILE, VERY CLOSE TO THE SILVER BEL, THE LADY SCARLETT IS STOUTLY RIDING THE STORM.

WE HOLD A STEADY COURSE, CAPTAIN HAWK!

'TIS A COMFORT AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.

SUDDENLY... FATE, TIDE
AND WINDS MINGLE...



I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE
HER OUT, MEN... THE
SILVER EEL... SHE'S
COMING RIGHT AT US...
HER PENDANT'S THE
JOLLY ROGER!

AS IF IN ACCORD WITH CAPTAIN
HAWK'S WARNING, A BLAST OF
CANNON RIPS ACROSS THE MAIN...



BEDRAGGLED FROM HER EXPERIENCE
WITH THE STORM, THE LADY SCARLETT
STRUGGLES TO OUTRUN HER FOE... BUT...



RETURN FIRE ON THE
SCURVY VULTURES!
SHOW THEM HOW TO
USE A CANNON IN
STYLE, CALEB!



I'D DO IT IN A MOMENT,
CAPT'N, IF WE COULD...
OUR POWDER'S AS WET
AS THE WATER WE'RE
SAILIN' IN!

WE'RE AT THEIR
MERCY, SIR!

THE "SILVER EEL" SOON IS BY HER SIDE
AND BOAT HOOKS SOUND A METALLIC
TUNE AS THEY GLUTCH THE LADY
SCARLETT'S RAIL.



SURRENDER,
OR WE'LL
TAKE YE IN
BLOOD!







CEASE FIGHTING! THE NEXT MAN TO USE A WEAPON WILL BE FED TO THE FISH!

AIN'T NOTHING THE MATTER WITH THIS VESSEL THAT CAN'T BE REPAIRED, CAPT'N NIMBLE. LET'S TAKE 'ER ALONG WITH US.

A GOOD IDEA, MATE. WE'LL DO JUST THAT!

A FINE SPOT I'M IN... THEY'LL FIND ME OUT ANY MINUTE... CAN'T FUSS WITH THIS BANDAGE FOREVER... LADY SCARLETT'S LISTING BADLY, TOO.

SUDDENLY ALL HANDS PAUSE AND STARE INCREDULOUSLY...

THEY'VE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH... THIS IS IT... THE MOMENT I EXPECTED SOONER OR LATER!

BUT, IT WASN'T THE HAWK THAT HELD THEM SO SPELL-BOUND...

YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO TELL YOU I COULD SWIM!

YOU!







ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

OH!!

PUT THAT CREW IN IRONS, CALEB... DIS-ARM THEM...

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE. I NEVER SAW SUCH FENCING!

DON'T WORRY, SON, THEY WILL BE UNDER LOCK AND KEY IN A JIFFY. WE GOT THEIR WORD NOT TO FIGHT AND LIFTED THEIR ARMS TO CONFIRM IT!

IT'S FULL SAIL AHEAD FOR PORT. THE LADY SCARLETT LIMPING PROUDLY AFTER THE SILVER EEL WHO NOW SERVES A NEW AND DAUNTLESS MASTER...

REVEAL YOUR DEAD CAPTAIN'S PLANS, OR YE'LL SHARE HIS FATE, MAN!

...AND THAT IS THE STORY, SIR... ALL FOR A WOMAN IT HAPPENED, SIR!

LATER... AT PORT, PRISONERS ARE APPREHENDED BY CIVIL LAW AND CAPTAIN HAWK SUBMITS HIS REPORT TO THE GOVERNOR...

NOW SIGN THIS ACCOUNT OF OF YOUR WORDS. HMMM... SO HE PROMISED HER MY BOOTS, EH?

I KNEW SHE WAS AMBITIOUS, BUT NEVER REALIZED SHE WAS TREACHEROUS AS WELL. AYE, HAWK! YE MAY AS WELL CLOSE THE AFFAIR AS YE WISH IN PERSON.

THANK YE, SIR.



I WILL... GLADLY, SIR... RELEASE ME AN' I'LL SPEAK!

THEREFORE UNFINISHED BUSINESS BRINGS THE HAWK TO A FAMILIAR DOOR...

LADY EDITH? I UNDER-STAND YE WERE EXPECTING MY BOOTS?

CAPTAIN HAWK!



YE'LL FORGIVE ME FOR BEING PRESENT IN THEM, UNLIKE YOU HAD PLANNED... BUT I WANTED THE PLEASURE OF BEING FIRST TO WISH YOU BON VOYAGE... YOUR PASSPORT, MADAME... TO THE TOMBS!

I ARREST YE IN THE NAME OF HIS MAJESTY!



THE HAWK APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN **JUMBO COMICS!**

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY GREN
HUEBOCH



NAW.. YOU DIDN'T DO IT.. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS, DON'TCHA?

YES.. IT'S A PIECE OF KAY'S DRESS.. BUT I DIDN'T KILL HER.. I SWEAR!



HER BODY'S OUT THERE IN THE BULL PEN.. DO YOU DENY YOU CAME HERE WITH HER?

PLEASE LISTEN TO ME.. PLEASE.. I'M ROGER HAWKINS AND I LIVE IN NEW YORK. KAY'S MY COUSIN...



"THE DAY AFTER OUR GRANDFATHER DIED, THAT'S HIS HOUSE OVER THERE, WE EACH RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM SAYING THAT HIS ESTATE WAS PRACTICALLY GONE, BUT HE HAD SOME MONEY HIDDEN ABOVE HIS FIRE-PLACE THAT HE WANTED US TO HAVE. THIS AFTERNOON WE CAME UP HERE. . . AND. . ."

PERHAPS SOMEONE IS WAITING INSIDE.. WATCHING US TO SEE WHERE GRAMP HID THE MONEY.

IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE, YOU GOTTA STOP BEING A CRY-BABY. AH.. THERE GOES THE LOCK.

I'M SCARED, ROGER.. SUPPOSE SOMEONE SAW US?

AW.. COME ON.. THERE'S NO ONE AROUND.

LOOK, ROGER.. LOOK OUT THERE ON THE LAWN!

LISTEN.. I HEAR FOOT- STEPS DOWN- STAIRS.

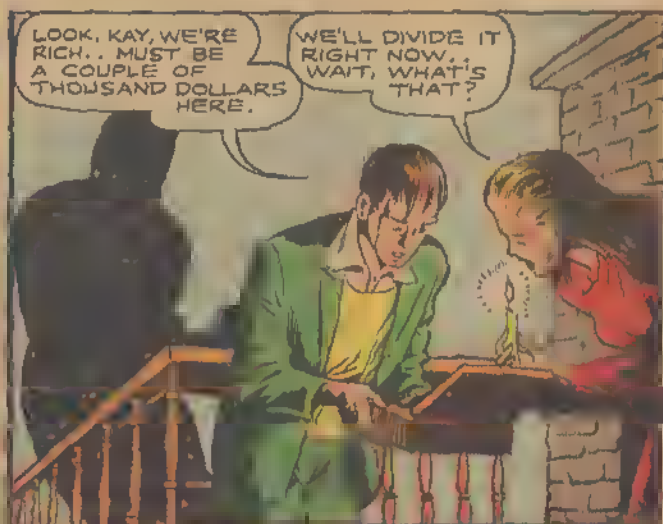
CUT IT OUT, YOU'LL GIVE ME THE CREEPS, LIGHT THE CANDLE AND I'LL START LOOKING FOR THE DOUGH.

THAT GIRL DOWN THERE.. LISTEN.

YEAH.. I KNOW HER.. BUT FORGET HER.

MOON BRIGHT.. MOON LIGHT.. PERHAPS I WILL DIE TO- NIGHT.

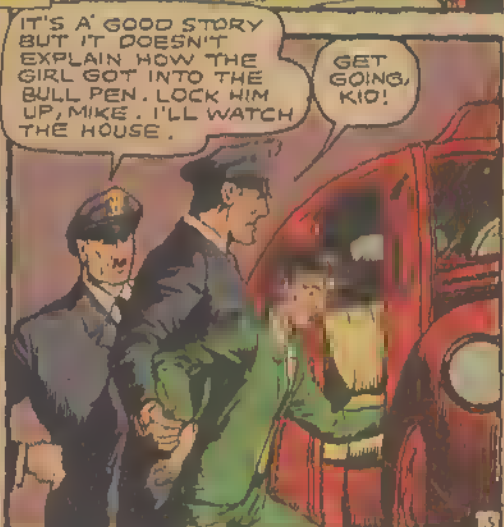
SHE'S CRAZY.. LIVES OUT IN THE WOODS ALONE WITH HER PIGS.. HARMLESS AS A KITTEN. BRING THE LIGHT OVER HERE.



"KAY HAD DROPPED THE CANDLE WHEN SHE SCREAMED.. EVERYTHING WENT DARK.. THEN SOMEONE WAS THERE CLUTCHING AT ME.. PUSHING ME BACKWARDS..."

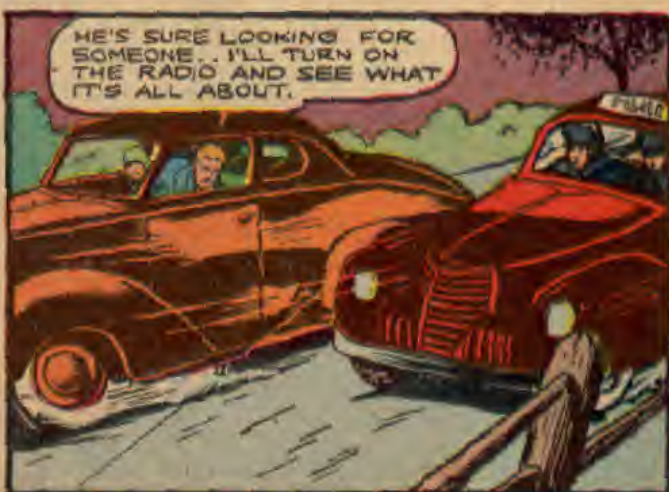


"BUT THEN I LOST MY BALANCE.. AND CRASHED DOWN THE STAIRS..."





"THEN IT WAS THAT I, DREW MURDOCH, BECAME MIXED UP IN THE STORY. IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT AND I WAS DRIVING ON THE BOSTON POST ROAD WHEN..."





"I COULD SEE ONLY A RAY OF MOONLIGHT THROWING CURIOUS PATTERNS ON THE FLOOR, BUT THAT THE BOY SAW SOMETHING, I WAS CERTAIN... SO WHEN HE TURNED..."



HE WAS EXCITED... AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY HAD DROPPED THE GUN. I COULD HAVE OVERPOWERED HIM THEN. BUT SOMETHING MADE ME GO ON.





"AS AHEAD..."

I DON'T LIKE THIS BODY-GUARDING JOB... WHAT'S THAT?



"THERE WAS AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM... THEN..."



SHE DID IT... THE PIG WOMAN KILLED KAY AND NOW THE POLICEMAN!





"INSIDE..."
GOOD, RIGHT WHERE I HIDE IT. AND IT'S MINE. ALL MINE. WHAT'S THAT?



WHO'S THERE? GO AWAY... GO AWAY... I'LL... I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU COME ANY NEARER.

NOW, NOW, PIG-WOMAN, NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU.



LET ME GO... LET ME GO... I'LL KILL YOU!



TAKE IT EASY NOW... TAKE IT EASY... BRING THE LIGHT... QUICK, ROGER.



KAY. IT'S YOU, KAY! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED... IT WAS YOU WHO ATTACKED ME ON THE STAIRS... HIDE THE MONEY AND THEN KILLED THE PIG-WOMAN AND PUT HER IN THE BULL-PEN AFTER CHANGING DRESSES WITH HER.

I DIDN'T. I DIDN'T. IT'S A LIE!

"BUT DESPITE KAY'S DENIAL... SHE WAS FOUND GUILTY AND

PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR THE CRIME.

THE IRONY OF THE CASE WAS THAT THOUGH ROGER THOUGHT IT WAS KAY'S GHOST LEADING US TO THE PIG-WOMAN, IT WAS ACTUALLY THE POOR CRAZY PIG-WOMAN'S GHOST THAT LED US TO KAY.

Drew Murdoch.

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